The Hamilton Spectator

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McEwen's Successor Still Unnamed As Search Continues

'Alien Sub-Culture'—

Sig Trustees, Faculty Close Sigma Phi

Kirkland Picks First Frosh Class:
High Boards, Young Broads Chosen

Kirkland College Presently Unknown
In the Eastern Academic Community

Students from Hill Canvass for Peace

Recruiter Issue

Hamilton Faculty Will End
Saturday Classes Next Year

Hill Students Organize
Local Draft Resistance

Massive Meeting of Seniors
Calls for Change in Comps

Timothy Leary Raps

3 Hill Students Arrested
For Possession of Drugs

Nelbach Resigns

Trinkaus' Cannon Misplaced;
Cops Eye Hill Pyrotechnics

Ginsberg

Seven to Receive Honorary Degrees

Two university heads are among the seven persons who will receive honorary degrees at today's Commencement Ceremonies.

President John W. Chandler announced a few weeks ago the names of five additional honorary degree recipients, including President Andrew W. Cordier of Columbia University and Chancellor Samuel B. Gould of the State University of New York.

President Cordier will receive a Doctor of Laws degree and Chancellor Gould the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

Announced earlier was the planned award of degrees of Doctor of Science to Athelstan Spilhaus, the environmental scientist and oceanographer, who will be the commencement speaker; and Doctor of Divinity to The Reverend Owen C. Thomas, a professor at the Episcopal Theological School, who will deliver the baccalaureate sermon on commencement day.

Others announced by President Chandler, and their degrees were:

—Louis N. Brockway, a trustee emeritus of Hamilton and retired chairman of the executive committee of Young & Rubicam, the advertising agency; Doctor of Laws.

—Edward G. Freehafer, director of the New York Public Library; Doctor of Humane Letters.

—Crawford H. Greenewalt, naturalist and chairman of the finance committee of E. I. duPont de Nemours, Doctor of Science.

President Cordier took over the leadership of Columbia University in the wake of the 1966 disturbances on the Columbia campus. Named acting president after the retirement of President Grayson Kirk, he was later given the title of president.

President Cordier, 69, is retiring this year. He joined Columbia as dean of the Graduate School of International Affairs in 1962 after serving as under-secretary of the United Nations under Dag Hammarskjold.

Chancellor Gould, 59, has held his present office since 1964. Previously he was president of the Educational Television Corporation, and before that, chancellor of the University of California at Santa Barbara from 1959 to 1962, and president of Antioch College from 1954 to 1959.

Mr. Brockway graduated from Hamilton in 1917. He began his career in advertising as a salesman for Scribner's magazine in 1919 and in 1926 became advertising manager of the American Mercury.

Mr. Freehafer, 60, has been with the New York Public Library since 1932 when he joined its staff as a reference assistant, except for two years as assistant librarian at Brown University, from which he holds a degree. He has been director of the New York library since 1954.

FOUR YEARS

BY DAVID MARGOLIES

My class, which graduates today, is the last class which was part of Hamilton in the old days. That Hamilton has disappeared in the midst of the radical changes which have taken place on the campus during the past four years. That there have been changes has been pointed out time and time again, and it may seem pointless to reiterate it, but I wonder how many people realize just how much change there has been. Most think of the change simply in terms of the many physical, social, and academic innovations. These are certainly the most obvious differences, but they are only the outward manifestatations of a much deeper change in spirit on the whole campus, a change almost entirely for the better, as far, at least, as I am concerned.

When I entered Hamilton three years and nine months ago, I entered an established, well known (if one was from New York State) small liberal arts college in the New England tradition. Once I was on the Hill for a while, I learned the following things.

First, the hill ran on its own time system, divorced from the time system of the outside world. A big word in those days was 'relevance', but it had not even reached Hamilton, which (from the students' point of view) was so obviously not relevant that the term had no meaning.

Secondly, the average Hamilton student was interested in non-involvement. The civil rights movement among college students was at its height but it seemed to affect few Hamilton men. (There were some notable exceptions. Bob Moses was a Hamilton man.) Few thought too much about the war, most probably were mostly undecided. The *Spectator's* theme for the years was 'the Hamilton cool', the phenomenon of non-involvement and non-caring.

Thirdly, Hamilton was a party school and proud of it. People would point to *Playboy* polls which said that Hamilton was the second worst place to allow one's daughter to go to a party weekend and the best drinking school in its class. Houseparties were the events that everyone waited for, and they *were* parties, if one liked that sort of thing. Such an atmosphere was understandable in light of the lack of female companionship and the total isolation of the Hill.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, Hamilton was, at least from a freshman's point of view, a second choice school, especially for the brighter students. Of the various people ever to be first in the Class of '70, one is here because he did not get into Amherst, and one because he did not get into Harvard. Everyone it seemed did not go somewhere. Everyone wanted to leave. Some spoke seriously of transferring, some spoke of little else.

These four facts went to make up the spirit of Hamilton College my freshman and sophomore years. They have all changed. Certainly the events of the last several weeks have demonstrated the change from the days of the Hamilton cool and non-involvement. The advent of Kirkland, for all its attendant difficulties, is without a doubt the best thing to happen to this college in the past decade, for now the Hill is more or less self-contained, and not purely isolated. Parties are if anything secondary. Many think that Houseparties should be abolished altogether. And now if someone does not know where Hamilton is, I feel he should be embarrassed, not me.

The changes have been many in the past four years, and they have made Hamilton a good place to go to school. It hs not all been easy, and some things have been lost. In its haste to expand and develop, many have lost sight of the advantages of a small community. Others have lost sight of the advantages of some traditions, others see some traditions as too important. Some believe that building should be the highest priority (viz. the library). All in all, however, if it has not all been fun, its been interesting.

Several Seniors Refuse to Wear Cap and Gown

One feature of this afternoon's Commencement Ceremony will be the dress of several seniors. Several have decided not to don the traditional cap and gown.

A spokesman for the class commented that "it is not an action by the class, but rather by individual members of the class of '70. I don't know how many will show up without caps and gowns. It's impossible to judge."

In recent days, a number of seniors who had chosen not to wear caps and gowns have opted out for an armband on their robes.

The situation arose when the Senior class voted to donate the money usually spent on the academic garb to the Hamilton Strike Committee.

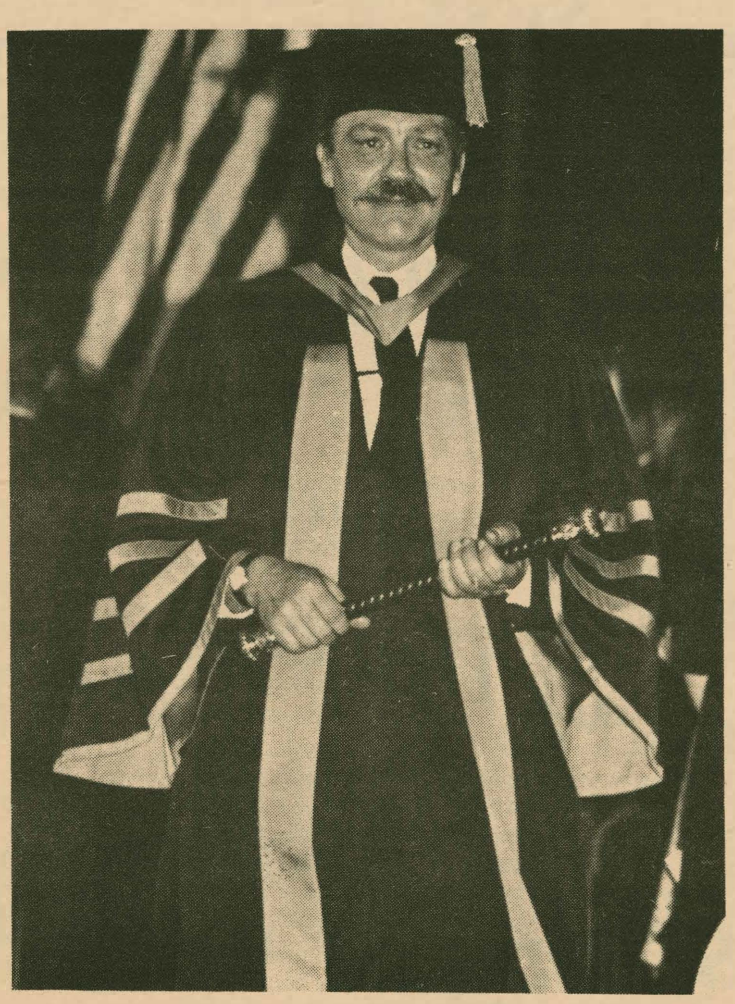
Members of the class present at that first meeting voted nearly unanimously to contribute $7.50 a piece to the Strike Fund and to receive their degrees in suits.

There is some confusion over the nature of this vote and it was this confusion which college Marshall Thomas Colby pointed to at a second class meeting later a few days later.

Colby explained that the college had a five-year contract for the gowns, and that the institution could not back out of its agreement.

The Marshall explained that although the class decision was most admirable, it was a straight financial one and not symbolic. Since the gowns would be on the Hill at the time of graduation, Colby felt that, for reasons of decorum and unity, the seniors could wear them without any feeling of guilt.

Associate Dean Hadley S. DePuy explained that the college would find money "somewhere" for the robes and that seniors who had donated $7.50 to the Strike Fund would not be forced to pay an equal amount for their gowns.



Commencement Marshal Thomas Colby

Joe Don Luney '70 followed the comments of Colby and DePuy with the assertion that "under no circumstances will I wear a cap and gown. I consider it a symbolic protest against the imperialistic and aggressive foreign policy of the United States and against the civil persecution of individuals who speak out against the policies of their government."

A number of seniors supported Luney's stand and brought the issue to a vote. The class decided to keep the option of choice of clothing open and not to force any gown or no-gown decision.

The matter was then brought to the attention of Hamilton President John W. Chandler for final action. In an open letter to the members of the Class of 1970, the President stated that "the graduation ceremony is for the simple purpose of conferring degrees and indicating their significance. Just as we have maintained the essential form and substance of our academic program, I urge that we maintain also the ceremonial traditions and functions of Commencement, including the wearing of caps and gowns.

"Although I personally hope that all seniors will choose to wear caps and gowns, it should be understood that this condition is not a requirement for participation in graduation ceremonies."

The President also explained that the college would absorb the costs for the caps and gowns and encouraged those who did not donate their money to the Strike Fund to contribute an equal amount to the Class Gift.

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TO THE CLASS OF 1970:

Sometime today someone will approach each of you and he will tell you how Commencement is both an end and a beginning. The end of four years of academia and undergraduate days. The beginning of a new phase of your life. It's inevitable.

Commencement does mark the end of your undergraduate life, but it should not signal the end of your commitment to Hamilton. Not commitment in the monetary sense; rather, concern for the direction of the College during the next ten years.

You, are no longer students. You are now alumni. And unique alumni at that. You are the only class that knows and can begin to understand Hamilton 1970. And you also knew the other Hamilton — before Kirkland, before the strike, before President Chandler. Your knowledge of Hamilton is unique and you cannot allow this knowledge to remain untapped.

You, more than any class before you, know best what Hamilton's priorities should be during the next ten years. And you must begin to educate and influence other alumni. Teach them what you know about Hamilton 1970 and teach them in such a way they too can understand the college's needs.

The Alumni Association has great influence upon the College. The Alumni Council elects twelve of the 28 Hamilton Trustees. It is through this power of the Alumni Council that you as Alumni can utilize your knowledge effectively. And if you judge the Council by its spring meeting earlier this month, your knowledge is needed and your influence could be helpful.

The Alumni Council tells us that it recognizes the need for recent alumni on the Board of Trustees. Yet in screening candidates the Council did not consider even one candidate who had graduated within the past five years. And when a recent alumnus was recommended to the Council by students, he was disregarded because he's a lawyer, a far too popular occupation for Hamilton Trustees.

It is strange that the Council seemed so careful to avoid occupational hazards. Mr. Tupper is an executive with the telephone company. So are three members of the Alumni Council, including the chairman of the committee that screened the candidates on behalf of the Council. A fourth member of the Council is a retired telephone company executive.

Mr. Tupper will be replacing John H. Niemeyer, a Hamilton alumnus who has distinguished himself in the field of education. Mr. Niemeyer is the only educator on the Board and it would seem only logical that his replacement should be from the field of education. Two such candidates, Dr. Charles Levy, Professor of English at Cornell, and Dr. Edward Taylor, Professor of Chemistry at Princeton, were considered but rejected.

Next spring, the Alumni Council promises us, a recent alumnus will be elected to the Board. Hopefully, but rather unlikely, that recent alumnus will be from the Class of 1970. We as students can only hope. You as alumni can act.

If you're wondering why you should act, why you should commit yourself after you've graduated, why you should trouble yourself to share the knowledge with older alumni, then I can only say: If no one else needs you, next year's student body does.

RONALD J. BRUCK '71

The Hamilton Spectator

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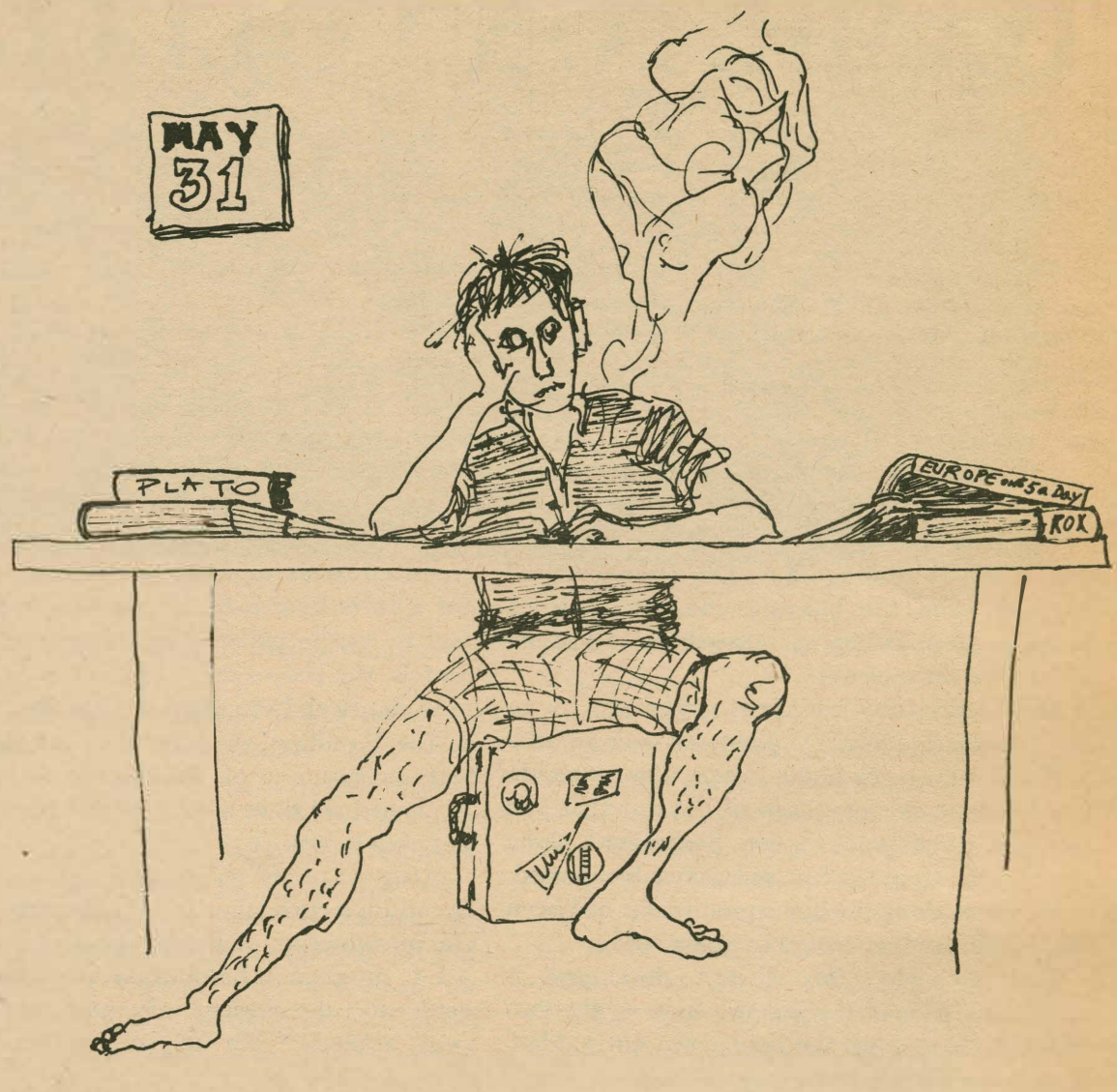


Prettyman, Tupper Elected To Board of Trustees

At its spring meeting the Alumni Council elected Alfred E. Prettyman '56, and Robert R. Tupper '40 to Hamilton's Board of Trustees.

Prettyman and Tupper had been endorsed by the Council's Nominations Committee. They had been selected from a group of over sixty alumni recommended to the Council by local alumni associations. It has traditionally been the Council's policy to elect unanimously the candidates whom the Nominations Committee has endorsed. The tradition was broken this year when a third candidate, Bruce L. Sanford '67 was nominated from the floor. Sanford was chosen with the hope of fulfilling what some believe is a need for recent alumni on the Board of Trustees.

Although Sanford polled only six of the 38 votes cast, Alumni Council Chairman Robertson MacKay '50 was confident that next spring the Nomination Committee would endorse an alumnus who has graduated within the past five years for one of the two vacancies on the Board.

Students Geoffrey Precourt '70 and Ronald Bruck '71 generated the impetus for the nomination. The *Spectator* had been staging a campaign since October to elect a recent alumnus to the Board of Trustees, and Precourt, editor this past year, and Bruck, the present editor, took their cause to the Alumni Council.

Precourt was "disappointed" in the arguments that the Council presented against Sanford. He said, "The Nominations Committee didn't even consider an alumnus less than five years out of Hamilton." "Its one thing for the Council and the Board of Trustees to disagree with you," he continued, "its another thing for them to refuse to listen to what you have to say."

Bruck said he "could not understand how the Council could say that it recognized the need for recent Alumni on the Board now and then be satisfied with waiting still another year before a recent alumnus can begin to serve on the Board."

Sanford will enter a law firm in Cleveland upon graduation from NYU law school. The Council felt that there are enough lawyers on the Board and some felt that Sanford would just be "another one."

Bruck was quick to point out that Sanford was being nominated, not because he is a lawyer, but because he is 25 years old instead of 50. "It is important that he is only three years out of Hamilton and not even off the 'College Campus' yet."

Bruck commented later, "I fail to see the distinction between a lawyer and an executive with the telephone company when it comes to the Board of Trustees."

The Board of Trustees has twelve Alumni Trustees, each serving six-year terms. Each spring the Alumni Council elects two alumni to fill the vacancies of those Alumni Trustees whose terms expire.

At its meeting earlier this month the Council talked seriously of shortening Alumni Trustee terms to four years and electing three instead of two alumni each year. That would keep the number of Alumni Trustees on the Board at twelve.

Prettyman, the first black trustee of Hamilton, is the head of Emerson Hall Publishers in New York and is former executive editor of the College Department of Harper and Row.

He joined Harper and Row upon graduation from Hamilton and remained there until last December, when he organized Emerson Hall. He has also been active in recruiting minority group students for Hamilton.

Tupper is vice president of marketing for the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Co. of Washington, D.C. and lives in Ashton, Maryland.

He served on the Alumni Council in 1963-68, the last year as Council chairman. In 1967 he was chairman of the Alumni Fund.

HAMILTON COLLEGE: 1966-1970

A sea-change difficult to comprehend has come over Hamilton the past four years. The shift of Hamilton from a seemingly lazy, conservative, uninspired, self-satisfied institution to one deeply troubled, involved, concerned, and alive is one of the hardest changes to relate. What follows is an attempt by the retiring editors of the "Spectator" to record the spiritual as well as the physical changes the Class of 1970 has been witness to.

Only twice in the past four years has the Chapel been filled to capacity.

The first was in the spring of our freshman year. Banners reading "Save Our Houseparties" dropped from the balcony and the audience hissed as Dean DePuy threatened the end of the coveted secret societies.

The second was just three weeks ago, as an SRO audience soberly pondered joining the National Strike. Nobody hissed. The assembly presented no mirror image of the one that had gathered three years earlier. Somewhere along the line the time for fun and games had passed. Somewhere along the line commitment had been demanded. And, we voted to go on strike.

How or why this change developed is uncertain. Though the juxtaposition of the two audiences is striking, the change was not sudden. It was slow and, in many ways, subtle.

Kirkland has certainly had something to do with it. The introduction of a few hundred eager and adventurous women into our male den of antiquity fashioned a life-style that was at least in vogue, one that relieved Hamilton of a bit of its unnatural isolation.

A new Hamilton administration, marked by able and progressive leadership, helped to make smooth the transition from President McEwen's long reign. Under Dr. Chandler's firm yet sensitive guidance, Hamilton has become a forward-looking institution, one whose potential is almost unlimited under imaginative and responsive direction.

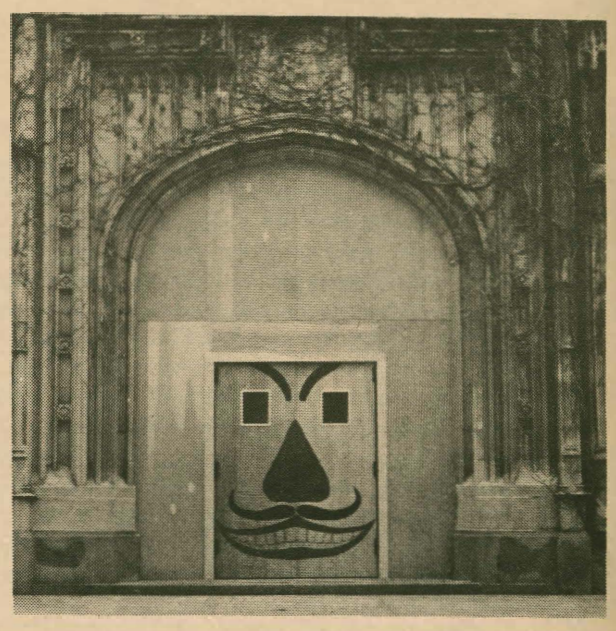
It is impossible to know just how much influence one new institution or one new man has had on a fast-changing Hamilton. But, wherever the change came from and however it came about, the Class of 1970 is witness to its existence.

We saw the end of the Dunham raids. As sophomores we were the last to drag a helpless bunch of freshmen into the fountain. After two years we saw the demise of "capital H" Houseparties, the end of a rather special kind of weekend debauchery. We were the last of the rollers, those passion-starved nomads who might travel up to six or seven hours on any given day for a three-hour date. We were among the final few to escape parietals by populating the local motels, the last to enjoy reduced rates at motels now empty and too expensive for use.

The Hamilton we entered in the fall of 1966 was straight out of *The Sterile Cuckoo*. This weekened we leave a college John Nichols would not even recognize.

After years of painstaking committee work, Hamilton's curriculum came alive this year with the introduction of the imaginative and flexible 4-1-4 program. Distribution requirements are gone, and the student may now determine his own academic life in conjunction with his advisor. More electives are open to freshmen, and upperclassmen have the option of a pass-fail grade. The number of available college courses has nearly doubled in four years, with Kirkland instrumental in introducing greater course flexibility and variety.

A marking system in which a hundreth of a point *did* make a difference — and which engendered an overly grade-conscious academic group — is now less competitive and more reasonable. The time when mory than three cuts in a class endangered one's standing in a course gratefully group — is now less competitive and more reasonable. The time when more than three cuts in a class endangered one's standing in



a course gratefully and Satruday classes have been dispensed with entirely. And last fall senior study and comprehensives, as we knew them, became things of the past. and Saturday classes have been dispensed with entirely. And last fall senior study and comprehensives, as we knew them, became things of the past.

The change in social regulations has been no less dramatic. Realizing for the first time last year that it had full control over all social rules, the Student Senate abolished the old restrictions and replaced them with a social honor system. The only rules became those of gentlemanly

This weekend the Trustee *Ad Hoc* Committee on Student Life reported to the Board of Trustees that "the role of fraternities in undergraduate life has changed markedly from what most alumni remember. The feeling of brotherhood, with its attendant ritual, has largely passed." Nonetheless, fraternities do remain an integral part of Hamilton social life, largely because Commons food is so bad and no other social facilities are offered.

Its freshman year the Class of 1970 largely felt compelled to "go Greek" probably because it was the thing to do and largely because the Independent was such a strange and detested animal (for years a frown was attendant with the very word "Independent"). But this year only 69% of the freshman class pledged fraternities, and the Independent has assumed a more respected stature.

Sigma Phi's closure as an "alien sub-culture" freshman year and the Faculty report on fraternities sophomore year put some heavy pressure on "the system", but the societies survived. Whether or not they outlast their present financial dilema is open to question and to doubt.

In an effort to join forces and gain strength in numbers, houses grouped to form the Interfraternity Council. In increased introspection, TKE studied its part in the fraternity system last spring and consequently decided to drop its affiliation with the national organization. Other houses have made similar studies. If fraternities do survive, their existence will not reflect a satisfaction with their past. It will rather indicate some hope for improvement in the future.

As the fraternity, faculty, and Trustee studies all indicate, these have been years of demanding

How could we ever forget?

and constant introspection and re-evaluation. The Trustee *Ad Hoc* Committee Report of Student Life is perhaps one of the healthiest signs of Hill social life: that the intellectual and social life on the Hill is not, and must not be, stagnant, that it must undergo constant investigation, and that it must respond to a changing student body and its needs.

Student government, too, has undergone extensive examination. Since 1967 the Student Senate has been unpopular and unresponsive with and to the students. In an attempt to propoerly reapportion the Senate, the senators recently revised representation for the second life in the last three the students. In an attempt to properly reapportion the Senate, the senators recently revised representation for the second time in the last three Its repportionment did reflect however, the relatively new sentiment that the students are not to be ruled by eleven fraternity men but by a representative group that will reach as many constituents as possible.

Along with the revision of the Senate has come a change in the structure of the college student Judiciary Board. Four years ago a student clite dryly tried violations. Today trials are by juries selected at random from the student body. A similar revision is in line for the Honor Court, possibly as early as next fall.

All change has not come from revision of the old. There has also been the new Hamilton, seen clearly in the more and more progressive nature of each in-coming class. A senior on the far left three years ago is little more than a John Lindsay liberal on campus today.

The traditional, campus-oriented activities have lost much of their interest and appeal, and many students have moved away from the college- sponsored activities to community service programs in Clinton and Utica. Seven programs now exist, and together they draw on the energies of more students than any other extracurricular group at Hamilton.

The needs and demands of the black student at Hamilton and Kirkland were recognized for the first time last year. Black students founded the Black Union and, after consultation with the Union, the college granted facilities for the Afro-American Cultural Center. The Center, which opened a month ago, makes more vivid and visible the reality of black history and culture. Its activities, programs, and exhibitions are sponsored by the Black Union. The Black Union, although primarity concerned with making the Hamilton experience more relevant to black students, also makes efforts to become involved in the activities of black communities off the Hill.

Organized political activity is also fairly new to Hamilton, but the October Moratorium attracted over three hundred canvassers to Utica to gather over 3600 signatures on petitions demanding withdrawal of forces from Vietnam. A demonstration blocking the arrival of a recruited on campus, marked by violence two years ago, was peaceful and organized last fall. And Hamilton's response this spring to the student strike is the most impressive action we have seen in four years. The Student body, mature and deliberate, responded to Cambodia and the injustices of this country with the help of a forward-looking and involved faculty and administration. And it is doubtful it could have come about without so many of the changes we have seen.

With time and with a change in vogue has come, inevitably, the use of drugs on the Hill. Associate Dean DePuy recognizes this as "the most serious problem I have faced at this college." Indeed, it is a most difficult problem. Yet the Advisory Drug Committee, composed of students, faculty members, and administrators, provides at least the structure for control of drug abuse.

It is difficult to offer any sort of final qualitative judg ment on either the old or the new Hamilton. We still are too close to the Hill to judge well, or even to judge at all. But we can say Hamilton is a changing and exciting institution, something we could not have said three years ago. Hamilton is now making demands upon the individual that it has never made before. It is asking that he think for himself, that he choose his own academic and social life, that he make the demands on himself that the college once made. It asks that he be as alive, aware, and intelligent as he can be. The social, academic, and administrative restructuring have all been to this end. And though, as seniors we have doubts about the present and questions about the future, we leave Hamilton with the happy knowledge that it is alive, that its students are excited, that it has finally started to become the challenging and stimulating institution it should be.

GEOFFREY PRECOURT

MARK FISH

Senator Charles Goodell addresses Hamilton and Kirkland students

faith, freedom, authority

BY MARK KAHN

Fundamentally, what has happened in the past few years, perhaps the last fifty years, is that faith in authority has broken down. Clearly, authority which presents itself today in any form to the young is mistrusted and criticized immediately. On the one hand, what has replaced authority is its natural successor: cynicism, which being essentially inactive, is easily made subject passively, though critically, to the old remnants of authority. But on the other hand, what has actively replaced the life style and methodology of authority is called freedom by some, by others license.

What is authority? Generally speaking, a figure, institution, or philosophy which one adheres to obeys with a combination of respect and faith in its widom and/or power. Particularly speaking, I mean rational thought and discourse; college professors who consider themselves midwives or doctors rather than hired tutors or sophists; ways of dress, speech, pleasure; conventional processes of learning and experiencing; our President and our flag, even our democracy. Our government, our professors, and our parents — in the cold psychoanalytic light, they are solipsistic goal-seekers looking for a truth that is no better than anyone else's, or so it seems.

It comes down to this: critical minds good and bad which have justifiably found reason to doubt authorities in many particular cases have let the inductive process and the critical urge become the justification for denying any and all authorities, sometimes even the self. Science has failed to satisfy the dreamers who tought they'd have life in an equation; history has failed to become the sort of science that can predict and solve with certainty, and has been most dangerous in the hands of those who felt sure; philosophy, after 2500 years of rational discourse, cannot even answer the simple and immediate question of the thinking man: Is there any soul, any mind, any thought — any world at all outside my thoughts? A lot of students are saying that all talk is bullshit, and a lot more people believe it. Where the action is hot, the word is: Don't talk about it, man, are you with us or against us? That itself is dangerous bullshit talk.

Here at Hamilton, where talk still goes on sometimes, authority doubtless exists, but without the same respect and good faith it enjoyed years ago. We've known a comfortable cynicism for a long time; its entrenched perhaps more deeply in our language and humor than anywhere else. Take a conversation at the Pub:

—That's it. I'm going to study.
—Good, Joe, you're doing a real lot of studying tonight.
—Right.
—Right Joe.
Right Joe.

It's awfully hard to be anything but cynical here, constantly talking about life and how it runs and what it means in our papers, frankly so far away from where and what it is: tense, dirty, fast, tough, exciting but often stinking modern streets, in and around big cities; the battlefields, the ghettoes, the subways, the reservations; the bums and the cripples, the garbage in the streets. It's easy to take the role of the lofty cynic, standing on his quiet but sterile side of the river.

So for a long time, the big political activity at Hamilton is the shit session in front of the TV tube, crapping on one report after another from Cronkite, and the death toll gets the same tone of voice as the commercial. Papers and exams were a little real, at least; we lost sight pretty much of exactly what sort of lives and society we were getting into, that one that went off abruptly at 7:30 and didn't come till the next day right after dinner. What we saw on the tube got more and more ridiculous, every report more insane, and it seemed that each gesture of sanity, like the November Moratorium,

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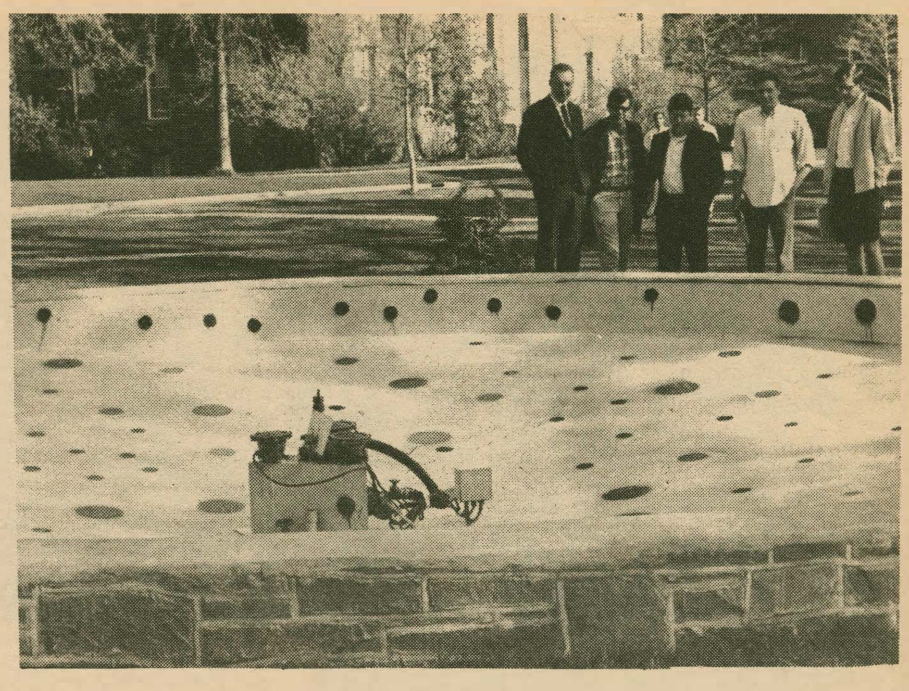
CHANGE?



BY BRUCE NICHOLS

Ron Bruck asks me to write an essay on how the last four years have changed Hamilton: I go to the library, put my head down on the table, pretend to think, and come up with this sentence. Changed? (my brain clicking back, following its own tortuous little maze, back to September 1966.) Of the 231 of us back then, about 50 decided at one point or another not to wait around four years to see if Hamilton would change. It was too difficult, or it was too easy, or it was not enough, or it was just too much. One night during freshman year, I sat in Commons with Donald Stangler, my roommate. I told him that if he put his hand over the large bowl of spaghetti on the table, he could feel how hot it was. He did. I proceeded to smack it down into the waiting spaghetti, splattering the coats and ties of everyone at the table. He chased me out, a threatening piece of blueberry pie in his upraised hand. Maybe that made somebody leave. If it did, I'm sorry.

We all used to steal nickel candy from the drugstore, sometimes because we were hungry, but mostly because we knew we could get away with it. And without consciously bearing the specific act in mind — it was more the attitude or behavior pattern of "getting away with something" that stuck — we all unpacked our bags and settled down in Dunham almost four years ago. Quicker than you could say "Chunky — what a chunk of chocolate" (remember Arnold Stang?), we were at our books and school work.

The first year, confusion compounded like Anacin. Dean DePuy played Faust to our adolescent Wagners, urged us to take that step of committment and fortitude that he had once faced in Biloxi, Mississippi. He left out some parts, but the missing links began to run us down instead. It wasn't until our first Sunday brunch, for instance, that we began to accomodate the lox in Biloxi, and we liked that. We learned of the Honor Code — so when we resurrected ten-letter words from the dictionary the night before a test, we were always careful to put them back (where they belonged?) the next day. Very few people used drugs four years ago, but I can remember one member of my class telling me how he first got a hold of a small quantity of dope. It was a great laugh at the time, but now it strikes me as being rather grisly. It arrived through the mail, jammed in a hollowed-out section of a book. It was wrapped like a birthday present, complete with card, compliments of a friend on another campus. The card read: "All our best on this happy day. Love, Mom and Dad." That's what I'd call bringing it all back home.

Now, on to my topic, change. During the school year, there are three seasons; autumn, winter, and spring. Over four years, each has changed twice, once at each end. The student faces have changed, the faculty, the grounds the requirements and the rules have changed. However, London Bridge is currently being moved to Arizona, and looked at in that context, I doubt that any of the above could be regarded as much out of the ordinary realm of cause and effect. The nice old lamps on the campus were expensive, so we got new cheap ones — nothing more than cause-effect, though perhaps seasoned with a slight touch of materialistic utility.

So if someone asked me what at Hamilton I thought had really changed (which someone obviously has), I would say listen to your fellow classmates, listen to the words they talk with and the ways in which they use them. Let me give you two examples that struck me over the past week:

—A faculty member I know told me of discussing the recent student strike in one of his freshman classes. One freshman raised his hand and asked "Aren't faculty members afraid that students here might burn down buildings like they have elsewhere if we don't get what we want?" The professor replied that no, he didn't think that was a big factor. He said that the student's response was almost funny — the freshman was *disappointed*.

—I recently asked a Kirkland girl where she was from. She was visibly set back, and after an embarrassed pause, winced out, *"Scarsdale?"*.

Neither of those exchanges could have taken place my freshman year. We'd stolen enough candy bars in our day to give us a bit more assurance of our control over situations. But we got to college and found out that Mom and Dad had spent so much time raising us that they'd had little time to do much else other than watch the dreck of the mid-20th Century pile up around them. We undeniably got top priority — love, affection, comfort, money, all these things were ours. But the situation on the outside — all the kitsch and clabber and banality of the 50's and early 60's — was not. Our parents raised us as heroes, only to have Madison avenue take our sex, our money, our individualism, and our humanity and turn them into massive consumer charts designed to take them all away.

I think that the only way a change in our feelings can be measured at the moment is by listening to students talk. If you do, you may notice that that old sense of assurance has in many cases melted into confusion. The stories of the freshman and of the Kirkland girl represent a profound change. Who four years ago would have been ashamed to live in Scarsdale?"

All this is mainly to suggest that no real change has taken place at all. There are only inklings of something that might lie in the future. All of us who are leaving Hamilton today go out with more facts than we came in with; one might question, however, how many are more confused than they were four years ago. The questions have been forced upon us; depending upon how well we and others like us answer them, there might eventually be some change. Mencken predicted that the geological epoch would end before anything significant would change, but he hadn't reckoned on people like Abbie Hoffman, Bobby Seale, Richard Nixon, Timothy Leary, or any of the others. We who are graduating are somewhere in the middle, for frankly, neither had we.

WHO NEEDS IT ?

BY PETER KENNEDY

We came, there was Bristol and Herbert Long. It's time to leave, and there's Kirkland College and, yes, Herbert Long. Changes have come to Hamilton — drastic changes, and probably more (numerically) than took place in the one hundred and fifty-four years the college existed before we arrived. The sidewalks are red, the light bulbs are (too) bright, the fountain is ?? and Dunham is still Dunham. And he smiled untrustingly from behind his bow tie and promised "Though they number over 250 a year now, I'll still know each by his nickname."

There are nor more chains nor posts at the entrances to the inner quad, no exams, no parietal hours, there are still eleven (yes, eleven; count 'em quick) fraternities, and there might be a new dorm or two (surely, not three) for those who return in the fall. But why build a new residential quad when there is one to be shared in the apple orchard? Isn't it like Houseparties all the time now? Why not ask a member of the History department to answer that one. Oh, for the old style of Houseparty when you didn't have to look her in the eye in class on the following Monday. Or are there still Monday classes? a16,

Many are aware of the changes that have taken place more than I, especially if you have gotten to know any of the Saga Managers at all well,

And because of some miracle athletics has survived, and some will tell you prospered, for the last four years. But isn't that miracle graduating! And there has been tragic change — a coach, a classmate.

Department members have come and gone, as have students, but I'm still not sure who's chairman of that small department in the science building. Of course, with the abolishment of course distribution requirements, some courses (at Kirkland) are flooded with eager learners (excuse the unfounded assumption), while other departments have more faculty members than students. Et tu Cunninghamus.

Many are aware of the changes that have taken place more than I, especially if you have gotten to know any of the Sage Managers at all well, so I won't bother to list any more. The point may have been made. What point?

Hamilton has given us quite a lot. More than we may ever realize. Sure our hair is longer and our blue jeans a little more pale. When did you last buy a pair of shoes? "Oh, I'll never come back; I hate this place."

But can't we be proud to have experienced all this change. To have gained something more than having just spent four years waiting. Are we self-confident, more mature, or simply better people because of Hamilton. Maybe the catalogue was right when it described an expereince. It is easy to be proud of oneself, but can't the class of '70 be proud of the school, it's new and able administration — new except for that GREAT man who is seen sporadically at Vernon Downs and constantly at Weaver's. Proud of an institution (collectively, all its members) that has given us the ability to understand problems, the ability to sit with a bunch of friends, sipping a locally manufactured tonic, and relate the happy, sad, good, even bad times Hamilton has provided us. What was that school motto?

faith, freedom, authority

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

faded ineffectually out of sight and mind. What were palpable were the deadlines, each one getting you closer to being out, being free . . . .

Which I suppose, is part of what brought this campus to its feet, or to its senses. Both, and both are good. Suddenly, getting out didn't look so good at all. That old insanity-rag about the war and pollution and the ghettoes, the casualty figures week after week, the riots and the shootings and the gaggings in the trials, suddenly it was real, students all across the country were saying so. And this time it looked like the world was big and bad enough, the movement big and broad enough to be different and get something done: now, for once, for us. Cynicism didn't fill the Chapel, we did and we were ready.

For a while it looked like the faculty wasn't. At the first meeting the faculty showed what the students thought was a lack of good faith, and some of the students got angry and made them feel they were right. Authority was getting its digs in for fifty years worth, and students were doing Scatology when it wasn't really necessary. Mutterings of "plastique" in the back rooms, more meetings and justification games, muffled cries of "plastique" at night in front of the dormitories — and often, suddenly the faculty came up in good faith at the same time we presented a respectable proposal respectably, and we were done and ready to begin. At that point, we achieved a damn healthy balance of faith, freedom, and authority, one we'll be lucky to ever get again.

Now somehow a lot of the cynicism has lodged in the faculty, those inclined to call our freedom license. I for one really pity the cynic who finds it impossible or abhorrent, I can't tell which it is, to reconcile his beloved ideals with the everyday world. He is pure, but bitter and alone. I'm much more inclined as a senior at Hamilton to be more impressed with the active and constructive changes in Hamilton life and spirit than I am concerned with what has stayed the same as it's always been. No one can tell for sure how permanent the changes will be, but the political consciousness, confidence, individuality, and willingness to act of the Class of 1973 compared to the Class of 1970 are reasons to hope and trust, as well as guide.

Racism - Overt and Covert

BY PERCY LUNEY

For four years, I have attended Hamilton College. Now, I'm asked to look back over my four years and evaluate them. I ask myself one question: can I now evaluate the past four years, or must I wait to discover how practical the knowledge is which I have gained? I personally believe that I will have to wait.

What I can do at the present is to make several comments on Hamilton College as an institution. When I cam to Hamilton in 1966, I entered an alien environment. Topics of discussion which went on in Dunham were as foreign to me as topics which are common in discussion in China. I was subjected to some of the most inane racial comments that I had ever heard in my life. In the locker room before football practice, I accidentally walked in more than once when I heard the word "Nigger". On April 17 of this year, one of my brothers stated to the Trustee Committee on Student Affairs that he thought racism existed within the Hamilton faculty. The next week, a white student on the campus wrote a letter to the *Spectator* saying that if the black student could not prove it, "so much the better." To me, this was a very narrow minded reply. He can make a statement like that on this campus and get away with it. But go down to D.C., baby! Say it on Howard University's campus so that everyone can hear. See what happens!

Racism does exist here. It is not the overt racism which existed when I was a freshman. For the most part, it takes the form of covert racism, that is, indirect institutional subordination by color.

Indirect insitutional subordination by color refers to the placing or keeping of persons in a position of status or inferiority by means of attitudes, actions or institutional structures which do not use color itself as the subordinating mechanism, but instead use other mechanisms, indirectly related to color. Hamilton College was created basically as a white institution. It maintains and is maintained by white institutions, and fundamentally reflects the values which are prevalent in white society. Hamilton is not an ideal institution, void of racism. It is only an ideal educational institution in that it tries to isolate itself from what is happening in the world. Up to this year, it did a damn good job of it.

Racism exists in the student body, faculty and administration, even though it might not be the overt racism which most people tend to recognize. To give examples is foolish because it is obvious that the institution perpetuates itself and the only result of naming incidents would be repercussions of a destructive nature which could only hurt the individual student involved and his chances for a successful college life.

Things are improving! Four years ago, I would never have been able to write this essay. Now, I just can't give examples.

Attention!

Alumni and Parents

What newspaper published by a small liberal arts men's college in Clinton, New York, is best able to keep you informed on the ushering in of a new era in a college of particular interest to you?

The Spectator — consider the alternative

There being none, I have enclosed my check for my subscription for 1970-71 to:

The Hamilton Spectator, Clinton, N. Y. 13323

One year's subscription, $7.00

Name . . . . . .

Mailing Address: . . . . . .

Hamilton and Kirkland 10 Years Hence

BY GEOFFREY PRECOURT

A journalist faces a story of projections with as much relish as a quarterback who calls his signals with the front four of the Minnesota Vikings staring down his throat. Yet, predictable changes are in store for the Hamilton-Kirkland campuses in the next ten years.

In this instance, at least the superficial, structural changes the colleges will undergo is certain.

In December of this past academic year, the Trustees of Hamilton and Kirkland met jointly to approve a $71 million development plan which will carry the two schools through 1980.

The changes will begin almost immediately. This summer Truax Hall, the Hall of Philosophy which stands at the North end of the main quadrangle, will be levelled to make way for a new $5.5 million library. With a capacity of 500,000 volumes and 600 readers, the new library will be the largest building ever constructed on the Hill.

Scheduled for occupancy this Fall are new dormitories at both Hamilton and Kirkland. Hamilton will have a new quadrangle, the Bundy Quad, located down College Hill Road from Chi Psi. Members of TKE, Gryphon, and Delta Phi will occupy most of the rooms, with spare facilities being filled by other Hill students.

Kirkland will follow the recent dedication of its new List Art Center with its second phase of dormitories, two massive buildings to be located on the Northeast corner of its campus.

After the priority of student housing is met, the expansion of Health Center facilities is likely to follow. Students will travel for their pills and shots up to Griffin Road where more rooms and a much larger staff will wait to serve them.

Improvements in Root Hall, the old library, the Chemistry Building, Dunham Dorm, Carnegie and South, fraternity buildings, the Chapel, Minor Theatre, the Gymnasium, Sage Hockey Rink, Bristol Campus Center, athletic facilities, roads, walks, parking facilities, and landscaping will all greet the Hamilton alumni ten years from now.

A new field house, a new glen (highlighted by the presence of the porch of Truax), and even more student dormitories to house an even larger student body will also be attractions at that time.

Across the Street, Kirkland's campus will be complete. The Auditorium/Theatre will offer complete stage facilities to implement programs ranging from lectures to full-scale professional dramas and its 1,200-seat auditorium will be the only facility of its kind in the region.

The Kirner Building, together with the Johnson Building adjecent to it, will accomodate the bulk of Kirkland's office, academic, and classroom needs.

By 1980, funds will have been already appropiated for the formation of a possible third college on the Hill, known only at this time as College "X". In ten years time, it is entirely possible that "X" will be out of the planning stage, that it will have a name, and that construction will have already commenced.

After increases to the endowments of both colleges have been tabulated, Hamilton will have gathered and put to its best use nearly $35 million, Kirkland $28 million, and the two schools will have shared $12 million for their shared development requirements.

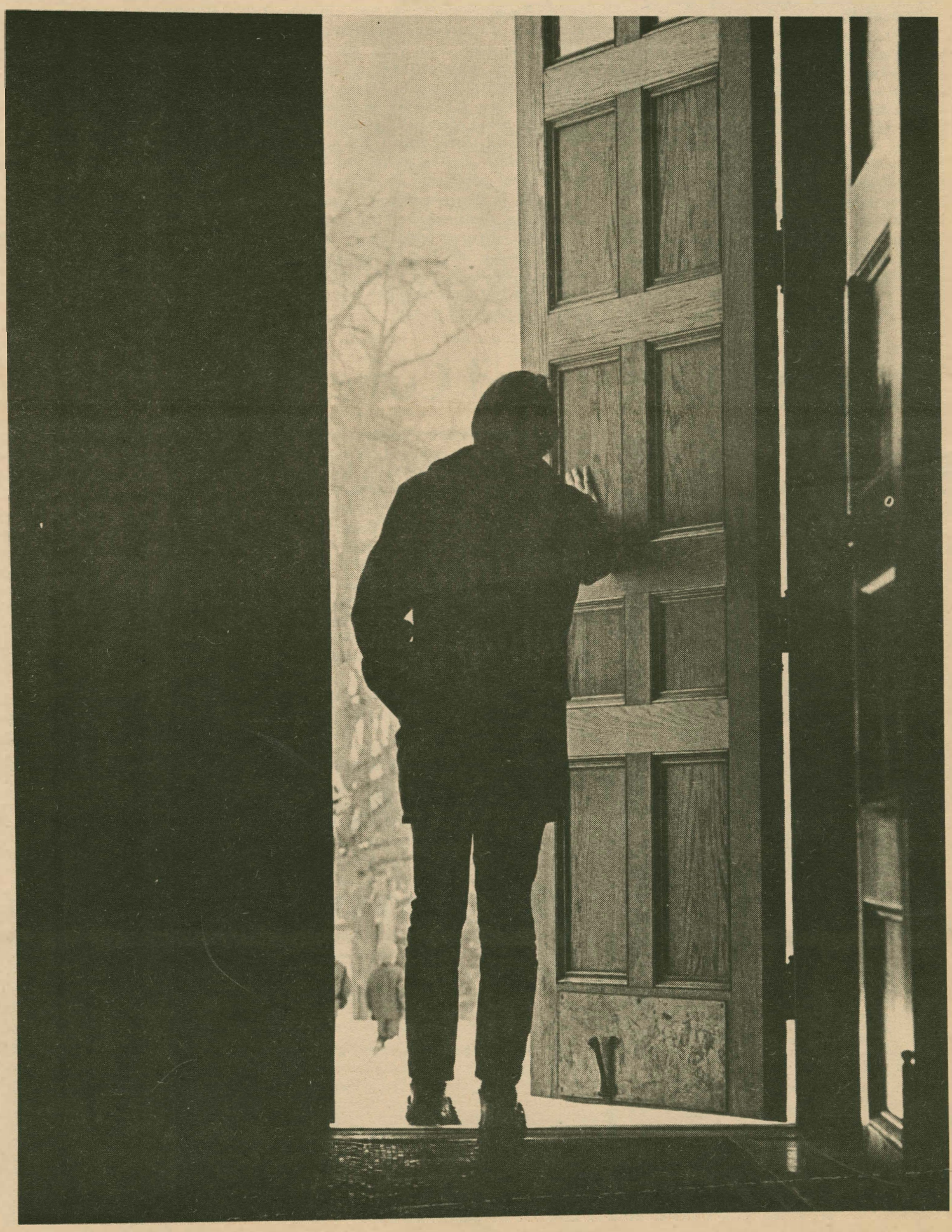


Photo by ROBERT ZIEGLER

Special Fund Established for Senior Class

The Senior Class voted recently to establish a special class fund.

As Robert Brooks, Assistant to the Vice-President in Resources and Development, explained, "We plan to gather all annual giving for the next ten years from this year's senior class and place it in our most progressive program, the Clark H. Minor Fund. At the tenth reunion of the class, all gifts plus income and capital gain will be made availabel to present to the college."

The class of 1970 will determine the nature of the gift at that time.

As an initial boost to the fund, several seniors have signed a petition which "grants and gives to Hamilton College...the sum of $25 or the balance due us from the room deposit made at the time of our entering Hamilton College."

Each student deposits $25 upon entrance into the college and that amount is used only in extraordinary situations. It is a sum usually forgotten over the four years and returned after graduation.

Last year, Hamilton returned over $4,000 to members of the class of 1969.

Without in any way limiting the absolute nature of the gift, the senior class also voted that its funds not be invested in industries producing war materials.